A

SATYR

AGAINST

HYPOCRITES.

Si natura negat facit indignatio versum.
Juvenal. Satyr. 1.

LONDON,
Printed for *N. B.* 1655.

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A SATYR
AGAINST
HIPOCRITES.

TEdious have been our Faſts, and long our Prayers;
To keep the Sabbath ſuch have been our cares,
That *Ciſly* durſt not milk the gentle *Mulls*,
To the great damage of my Lord Mayors Fooles,
Which made the greazie Catchpoles ſwear and curſe
The Holy-day for want o'th'ſecond courſe;
And men have loſt their body's new adorning (ing.
Becauſe their cloathes could not come home that morn-
The ſins of Parlament have long been bawl'd at,
The vices of the City have been yawl'd at,
Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
Why if you ask the people, very proudly
They anſwer ſtraight, That they are very godly.
Nor could we lawfully ſuſpect the Prieſt,
Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Chriſt:*
And trul' he ſpoke with ſo much confidence,
That at that time it ſeem'd a good pretence:
Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I muſt know,
So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.
Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the People.
Firſt came poor Matrons ſtuck with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly come to worſhip their white loaves;

And may be ſmelt above a German mile,
Well, let them go to fume the Middle-Ile.
But here's the ſight that doth men good to ſee't,
Grave Burghers, with their Poſies, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
With their fat Wives. Then comes old *Robin* too,
Who although write or read he neither do,
Yet hath his Teſtament chain'd to his waſt,
And his blind zeal feels out the proofs as faſt,
And makes as greaſie Dogs-ears as the beſt.
A new ſhav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapt,
With his young *Cake-bread* in his cloak cloſe wrapt;
Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
O'th' Town, to hear Our Father and ſee a friend;
Then came the ſhops young fore-man, 'tis preſum'd,
With hair roſe-water'd, and his gloves perfum'd,
With his blew ſhoo-ſtrings too, and beſides that,
A riband with a ſentence in his hat:
The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypſie,
Spectatum veniunt, venient ſpectentur ut ipſæ
And now the ſilk'n Dames throng in, good ſtore,
And caſting up their noſes to th' pew dore,
Look with diſdain to ſee the pew ſo full,
Yet muſt and will have room, I, that they wull;
Streight that ſhe ſits not uppermoſt diſtaſt
One takes; 'Tis fine that I muſt be diſplac't
By you, ſhe cries then, Good *Miſtris Gill Flurt*;
Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
tie piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
I ſcorn your terms, good Miſtris Thimble-mans wife.
Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger;
Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray?
No Aldermans wife for all you are ſo gay.
Is it not you that to all Chriſtenings friſk it?
And to ſave bread, moſt ſhamefully ſteal the biſket,
At which the other mad beyond all law,
Unſheaths her talons, and prepares to claw.
And ſure ſome gorgets had been torn that day,

But

But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view,
The cloak-bag-breeches, and the ſleek-ſtone ſhoe,
Th'*Embroider'd Girdles*, and your *Uſurers Cloaks*,
Of far more various forms than there be Oaks
In *Sherwood*, or Religions in this Town,
Strong then of Cypres cheſt appears the Gown:
The *grogram-gown* of ſuch antiquity,
That *Speed* could never find its pedigree;
Fit to be doted on by *Antiquary's*,
Who hence may deſcant in their old *Gloſſary's*,
What kind of fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How wings in faſhion came, becauſe wings bore
The Swan-transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the ſame good hap;
The pent-houſe bever, and calves-chaudron ruff,
But of theſe frantick faſhions now enough,
For now there ſhall no more of them be ſaid,
Leſt this my ware-houſe ſpoil the French-men's trade,
And now as if I were that woollen-ſpinſter,
That doth ſo gravely ſhow you *Sarum* Minſter,
Ile lead you round the Church from pew to pew,
And ſhew you what doth moſt deſerve your view,
There ſtood the Font, in times of Chriſtianity,
But now 'tis tak'n down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-VVardens ſit, hard by the dore,
But know ye why they ſit among the Poor?
Becauſe they love um well for love o'th' box,
Their money buys good beef, good wine, good ſmocks.
There ſits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good *flock-Feeder*,
VVho in three lamentable dolefull ditty's
Unto their marriage-fees ſing *Nunc dimittis*
Here ſits a learned Juſtice, truly ſo
Some people ſay, and ſome again ſay no,
And yet methinks in this he ſeemeth wiſe
To make *Stypone* yeild him an exciſe,

Ingredients that compound a Congregation.

And though on Sundayes Ale-houſes muſt down,
Yet wiſely all the week lets them alone,
For well his Worſhip knows that Ale-houſe ſins
Maintain himſelf in gloves, his wife in pins.
There ſits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon
With eating Cuſtard, Beef, and rumps of Capon;
And there his corpulent Brethren ſit by,
With faces repreſenting gravity,
Who having money, though they have no wit,
They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews ſit.
There ſit True-blew the honeſt Pariſh-maſters.
With Sattin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-caſters,
And faith that's all; for they have no rich fanſies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There ſits a Lady, painted fine by Art,
And there ſits curious Miſtris Fiddle-cum-fart:
There ſits a Chamber-maid upon a Haſſock,
Whom th'Chaplain oft inſtructs without his Caſſock:
One more accuſtom'd unto Curtain-ſins,
Than woman is to wet her thumb, that ſpins.
O what a gloſs her forehead ſmooth adorns!
Excelling *Phœbe* with her ſilver horns.
It tempts a man at firſt, yet ſtrange to utter,
When one comes near, fogh gudds, it ſtinks of butter.
Another tripping comes to her Miſtris's Pew,
Where being arriv'd, ſhe tryes if ſhe can view
Her young mans face, and ſtraight heaves up her coats,
That her ſweet-heart may ſee her true-love knots.
But having ſate up late the night before
To let the young man in at the back-dore.
She feeleth drawzineſs upon her creeping,
Turns down one proof, and then ſhe falls a ſleeping.
Then fell her head one way, her book another,
And ſhe ſleeps, and ſneres, a little a tone with t'other.

That's call'd the Gallery; which (as you may ſee)
Was trimm'd and guilt in the year Fifty three.

Twas

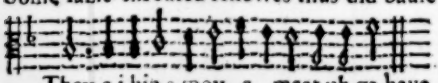
Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
VVho for miſ-reckoning hope to have their pardons,
There *Will* writes ſhort-hand with a pen of braſs,
Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an aſſe
That ſee him ſhake ſo faſt his warty fiſt, *Hang it.*
As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Prieſt
Has ſpoke it; Then, O that I could (ſayes one)
Do as but this man does, I'de give a crown.
Up goes another hand, up go his eyes,
And he, *Gifts*, *Induſtry*, *and talents* cries.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work,
And now a bellowing noiſe went round the Kirk,
From the low Font, up to the Golden Creed.
(O happy they who now no eares do need:)
VVhile theſe cought up their morning flegm, and thoſe
Do trumpet forth the ſnivel of their noſe;
Straight then the Clerk began with potſheard voice
To grope a tune, ſinging with wofull noiſe,
Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternholds wretched Prick ſong to the people:
VVho ſoon as he hath plac'd the firſt line through,
Up ſteps *Chuck-farthing* then, and he reads too:
This is the womans boy that ſits i'th'Porch
Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her ſtool to Church.
Then out the people yaule an hundred parts,
Some roar, ſome whine, ſome creek like wheels of Carts,
Such Notes that *Gamut* never yet did know,
Nor numerous keys of Harpſicalls in a row
Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend,
Now below double *Are* ſome deſcend,
'Bove *Ela* ſqueaking now ten notes ſome flie;
Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
VVith head-long haſte down ſtaires again they tumble;
Diſcords and Concords O how thick they jumble!
Like untam'd horſes tearing with their throats
One wretched ſtave into an hundred notes.

Some

Some lazie-throated fellowes thus did baule

Robert Wisdom's delight.



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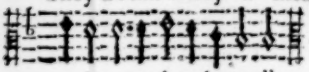
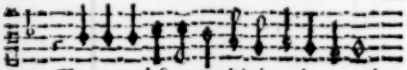


a ha me uh a ha gall a.

And ſome out-run their words and thus they ſay,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw,

Now what a whetſtone was it to devotion
To ſee the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday Levite when up ſtairs he march't.
And firſt behold his little band ſtiff ſtarcht,
Two caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black pot tipt with tin,
His cuffs aſham'd peep't only out at's wriſt;
For they ſaw whiter gloves upon his fiſt,
Out comes his kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text. and faſt he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverend whites, and ſoftly ſaid
A long *moſt Mercifull*, or *O Almighty*,
Then out he whines the reſt like ſome ſad ditty,
In a moſt dolefull *recitative ſtyle*,
His buttocks keeping Crotchet-time the while;
And as he ſlubbers ore his tedious ſtory
Makes it his chiefeſt aim, his chiefeſt glory,
T'excell the City Dames in ſpeaking fine,
O for the drippings of a fat Sir-loyn,
Inſtead of *Aron's* oyntment for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* inſtead of *grace*.
Up ſtept another then, how ſowre his face is!
How grim he lookt! for he was one oth' *Claſſis*,

And

And here he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, deſtroy, O Lord!*
The Covenant-breaker, with a two edg'd ſword.
Now comes another, of another ſtrain,
And he of Law and Bondage doth complain:
Then ſhewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace,* he cry'd
Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
Who as duty binds him, cauſe he eats their pyes,
God bleſs my good Lord and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopeful Iſſue. Then with count'nance ſad,
Up ſteps a man ſtark revelation mad,
And he, *Cauſe us thy Saints, for thy dear ſake,*
That we a-buſtle in the world may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
He tears his throat for the *fift Monarchy.*
Another mounts his chin, Eaſt, Weſt, North, South,
Gaping to catch a bleſſing in his mouth,
And ſaying, *Lord! we dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.
Mean while the vulgar frie ſit ſtill, admiring
Their pious ſentences, as all inſpiring;
At every period they ſigh and grone,
Though he ſpeak ſometimes ſenſe, and ſometimes none:
Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter;
They croud, they thruſt, are crouded, and are thruſted,
Their pews ſeem paſties, wherein they incruſted,
Together bake and fry; O patience great!
Yet they endure, though almoſt drown'd in ſweat.
It ſeem'd as if thoſe ſteaming vapours were
To ſtew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
Their rugged doubts, that might breed ſome diſeaſe
Being tak'n raw in queaſie conſciences.
But further mark their great humility,
Their tender love, and mutual charity,
The ſhort man's ſhoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
Nor he ſo much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,

Practice of Piety.

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
Although his neighbour trod upon his corn;
And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble;
He honeſt man went with his neck a skew,
Gingling his bunch of keys from pew to pew;
Good man to's Market-day he bore no ſpleen,
But wiſh'd the ſeven dayes had Sabbaths been;
How he worſhips ſattin, with what a Goſpel-fear
He admires the man that doth a bever wear,
Room, room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
With a *Pater noſter* face receives the ſhilling.
But what was more religious than to ſee
The women in their ſtreins of pietie,
Who like the Seraphins in various hews
Adorn'd the Chancell and the higheſt pews.
Stand up good middle-Ile-folks and give room,
Hey-day! See where the Mothers and the Daughters come!
Behind the Servants looking all like Martyrs,
With Bibles in pluſh jerkins and blew garters,
The ſilver Inkhorn, and the writing book,
In which I wiſh no friend of mine to look.
Nor muſt we now forget the Children too,
Who with their fore-tops gay ſtand up ith pew.
Brought there to play at Church, and to be chid,
And for diſcourſe at meals what children did.
Well, be good children, for the time ſhall come,
When on the *Pulpit-ſtairs* ye ſhall have room,
There to be asked many a Queſtion deep,
By th' Parſon, with his dinner, half a ſleep.
But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they ſit trembling under,
Jack-a-gandy. And if he name *Gehenna* or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate, how little wit
The fooliſh Virgins had, then do they ſit
Weeping with watry-eyes, and making vows
One to have Preachers alwayes in her houſe,

To

To dine them well, and breakfaſt 'um with gellies,
And caudles hot to warm their wambling bellies;
And if the caſh, where ſhe could not unlock it,
Were cloſe ſecur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket.
Another ſomething a more thrifty ſinner,
To invite the Parſon twice a week to dinner;
The other vows a purple Pulpit-cloth,
With an embroyder'd Cuſhion, being loth
When the fierce Prieſt his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the paſſion he ſhould hurt his knuckles.
Nay, in the Church-yard too was no ſmall throng,
And on the Window-bars in ſwarms they hung:
And I could ſee that many Short-hand wrote,
Where liſtning well, I could not hear a jote;
Friend, this is ſtrange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your ears are yet unſanctifi'd.
Cuds ſo, I had even almoſt now forgot
To tell you th' chiefeſt thing of all; what's that?
How the good women in a row do come,
To bring the *New-born babe* to *Chriſtendome.*
The Midwife, Captain of the gang, walks firſt,
Laden with *Childe*, and *Naples-bisket cruſt*;
Moſt reverently ſhe ſteps, dreſt all in print,
If ſhe be not a Saint the Devils in't:
For ſo demure ſhe looks, that you would gueſs
She were ſome holy penitent Votareſs,
With eyes and mouth ſet in her Looking-glaſs,
On purpoſe for to carry *Babe of Grace:*
Nor is't a thing inſpir'd, but got by Art,
And Practice, as the *Beggar* learnt to Fart.
Then follow th' Gueſts, each one in her degree,
Moſt punctual in their *Pariſh-Heraldry.*
Being come to Church, they keep their cloſe order,
And go on, and go on, and go farther and farther,
Till they arrive where for the Prieſts eaſe, God wot,
Stands a pretty, little, ſtone Syllabub-pot;
Water 't had in't, though but a little, God knows,
Scarcely to wet the tip of the Childs noſe:

Men ſay there was a ſecret wiſdom then,
That rul'd the ſtrange opinions of theſe men;
For by much waſhing Child got cold in head,
Which was the cauſe ſo many Saints ſnuffled:
Oh cry'd another ſect, let's waſh the cock,
And eke that other thing that lurks in ſmock;
Thoſe were the members whence did firſt ariſe
The ſinful cauſe of all our miſeries.
But their wiſe Wives reply'd, fuming and fretting,
'Twas dangerous, leaſt the parts ſhould ſhrink in wetting;
And for that cauſe they only did be-ſprinkle
The pretty Birdſney-Pigſney-Periwinkle.
Now when the Prieſt had ſpoke, and made an end,
And that the Child was made the Churches friend,
The women ſtraightway they went home agen,
To talk of things which they conceal from men:
Then Midwife carries Child t' ask Mother bleſſing,
Who gives it a kiſs in her Flanders-lace dreſſing,
She ſate with Curtains drawn, moſt *princum prancum*,
And call'd the women every one to thank 'um:
Full threeſcore pound it coſt in Plumbs and Diſhes,
Which women eat as Pikes eat little Fiſhes;
But when the Claret and Hypocriſs came in,
Then the tittle tattle began to begin;
The Midwife takes a Tankard and drinks up all,
Of all the Saints, quoth ſhe, God bleſs St. *Paul*,
He bid the men give the women their due;
If they do'nt, may the women ne're prove true:
Well fare my Son here, he is a yonng man,
But let any other do better if he can;
Five in ſix years! ------- hey ho, ------ here daughter,
Here's to the next bout, and what ſhall come after.
But what ayles my Neighbour here to look ſo grum?
A year and a half, and nothing yet come. --------
Alas, I loſt time, quoth ſhe, I married a Fool, ------
'Twas ſix months ere he knew he was to uſe his tool:
But I ha' taught him a new leſſon I faith; quo I, fye upon't,
Such a fool at theſe years, ---- but learn more wit, ---- if
ye do'nt ------ Alas,

Alas, cryes one, you are happy to me,
Weeping and drinking moſt heartily,
My Husband whores and drinks all the week,
Judge you then Neighbours how I am to ſeek:
(Then they all ſhook their heads, and lookt moſt ſad)
Theſe are they, quoth the Midwife, ſpoyl our trade;
But be of good cheer daughter, come, come,
If he wont, another muſt in his room.
Alas, quoth ſhe, with a jolly red Noſe,
There's many an able Chriſtian, God knows,
Would leap at that which thy Husband deſpiſes:
Then 'gin they to talk of the ſeveral ſizes,
Of the long, and the ſhort, the little and great,
'Twould put a modeſt *Gam ſter* into a ſweat.
I thank my God, quoth the Midwife then,
I have buried three Husbands, all proper men;
I thank my God for't, though I ſay't that ſhou'd not,
Yet I can't ſay, like one that underſtood not,
There was no difference between the three,
But if any man a good workman be,
He may well do enough, if he be intent,
To give a reaſonable She content.
I ſpeak merrily Neighbours, ---- hah ---- hah --- heres to you all,
God ſend us more of theſe good jobs to fall:
By and by they ſingle out a poor woman,
That has had the luck to have as good as no man;
But her they uſe m ſt unmercifully,
Calling her Husband *Do-little*, and *Cully*,
Fumbler and *Gelding*, and then they all exhort her,
Rather then be ſham'd, to hire ſome ſtrong Porter.
Now after this diſcourſe, and th' Wines drank up,
They all depart to their own homes to ſup;
After that to bed, and 'tis a pound to a doight,
If their Husbands ſleep for their Quail-pipes that night.
Others not ſo concern'd, walk in the fields,
To give their longing Wives what Cake-houſe yields;
And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances,
Is all their chat, they ſeem in heav'nly trances;

To be heard of men.

Thus

Thus they trim up their ſouls with holy words,
Shaving off ſin as men ſhave off their Beards,
To grow the faſter; ſins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.
Now they're at home, and have their ſuppers eat,
When *Thomas*, cryes the Maſter, *come, repeat*;
And if the windows gaze upon the ſtreet,
To ſing a Pſalm they hold it very meet.
But would you know what a prepoſterous zeal
They ſing their Hymnes withall? then liſten well;
The Boy begins,

To the Tune of S. *Margarets* Chimes.

Go too therefore ye wicked men,
Depart from me [Thomas] *anon,*
For the [Yes Sir] *commandments will I keep*
Of God [Pray remember to receive the 100 *l.* in *Gracious-ſtreet* to morrow] *my Lord alone.*
As thou has promis'd to perform, [*Mary*, anon forſooth]
That death me not aſſaile, [Pray remember to riſe betimes to morrow morning, you know you have a great many cloaths to ſoap]
Nor let my hope abuſe me ſo,
That through diſtruſt I quaile.

Behold the zeal of the people.

But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
To thee oh *Covenant Wedneſday* full of ſorrow:
Alas! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes, and gone to *Alderman-bury*;
Truly 'twas a ſad day, for every ſinner
Did feaſt a ſupper then, and not a dinner;
Nor men nor women waſh their face to day,
Put on their cloaths, and piſs, and ſo away;
They throng to Church juſt as they ſell their ware,
In greaſie hats, and old gowns worn thread bare,
Where, though the whole body ſuffered tedious pain,
No member yet had more cauſe to complain
Than the poor noſe, when little to its eaſe,
A Chandlers cloak perfum'd with candle-greaſe,
Commixing ſents with a Sope-boylers breeches,
Did raiſe a ſtink beyond the skill of Witches.

Now

Now ſteams of Garlick whifting through the noſe,
Smelt worſe than *Aſſa-fetida*, or *Luthers* hoſe;
With theſe *mundungus*, and a breath that ſmells
Like ſtanding pools in ſubterraneal cells.
Compos'd Pomanders to out-ſtink the Devil,
Yet ſtrange to tell, they ſuffer'd all this evil,
Nor to make water all the while would riſe,
The women ſure had ſpunges 'twixt their thighs:
To ſtir at this good time they thought was ſin,
So ſtrictly their devotion kept them in.
Now the Prieſts elbows do the cuſhion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read,
Beloved, I ſhall here crave leave to ſpeak
A word, he cries and winks, unto the weak,
The words are theſe, *Make haſte and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon *thy dinner carry,*
There doth young Daniel *want in the Den,*
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by th'crown.
Not to explain this pretious Text amiſs,
Daniel's the *ſubject*, *Hunger* th'*object* is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was ſubject to hunger,
But that I may'nt detain you any longer,
My Brethren dear prick up your ears, and put on
Your ſenſes all while I the words unbutton.
Make haſte, I ſay, *make haſte and do not tarry*,] *The Expoſition.*
Why? my Beloved, theſe words great force do carry.
Au! 'tis a waundrous emphatical ſpeech,
Some men Beloved, as if th'had lead i'their breech,
Do walk, ſome creep like Snails, they're ſo ſloe pac't,
Truly, my Brethren, theſe men do not make haſte.
But be ye quick dear Sifters, be ye quick, *1 Uſe.*
And leſt ye fall, take hope, hope's like a ſtick. Not like
To Babylon] Ah *Babylon!* that word's a weighty one, an Anchor.
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one.
Which as the learned *Rider* well records, *Babel*
Semiramis did build with brick and bords. battered.

Wicked

Wicked *Semiramis*, accurſed Bitch!
My ſpirit is mightily provok'd againſt that wretch.
Luſtful *Semiramis*, for will I wiſt
Thou wert the mother of proud Antichriſt.
Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
The Pope and thee were Siſters in iniquity.
Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,
For ſhe built *Babylon*, Ah! ſhe built *Babylon*.

2 *Uſe.* But, Brethren, be ye good as ſhe was evil,
Muſt ye needs go becauſe ſhe's gone to the Devil?
Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
A childe of God in great affliction:
Why what does he aile? Alas! he wanteth meat,
Now what (Beloved) was ſent him for to eat?
Truly a ſmall matter; only a diſh of pottage,
But pray what pottage? Such as a ſmall cottage
Afforded only to the Country ſwains,
From whence, though not a man the place explains,
'Tis gueſs'd that neither Chriſtmas pottage 'twas,
Nor white-broth, nor capon-broth, good for ſick maws,
Or milk-porrage, or thick peaſe-porrage either,
Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal broth neither,
Nor any broth of noble taſt or ſcent,
Made by receipt of the Counteſs of *Kent*;
But ſure ſome homely ſtuff crum'd with brown-bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
Truly, this was but homely fare you'l ſay,
Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day.
Would he have been ſo content. And though there could be thought-on nothing cheaper,
Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper.

3 *Uſe.* Better eat any thing than not at all,
Faſting, Beloved, why? 'tis prejudiciall
Several Reaſons. To the weak Saints; Beloved, 'tis a ſin,
And thus to prove the ſame I here begin:
Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger *mauls*,
Au! 'tis a great *mauler*, it breaks ſtone-walls;
Now my Beloved, to break ſtone-walls you know,
Why 'tis flat felony, and there's great woe

Follows that ſin, beſides 'tis a great ſchiſm,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judiſm;
Judiſm? why Beloved, have you ere been
Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have ſeen?
Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichriſt,
He doth and hath ye Brethren long entic't.
Claws like a Star-chamber Biſhop, black as hell,
and doubtleſs he was one of thoſe that fell.
Judiſm I ſay is uglier than this *curr*,
Though he appear'd wrapt up in Bear-skin furr.
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men,]
Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World*'s the Den.
By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
Thoſe worſe than heatheniſh abominations:
Truly dear friends, theſe Kings and Governours,
Theſe Biſhops too, nay all ſuperiour powers,
Why they are Lyons, Locuſts, Whales, I Whales, beloved,
Off goes our ears if once their wrath be moved;
But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
'Tis fifty and four, now Antichriſt, ſo ſays
My Book, muſt reign three days, and three half days,
Why that is three years and a half beloved.
Or elſe as many precious men have proved,
One thouſand two hundred and threeſcore dayes;
Why now the time's almoſt expir'd, time ſtayes
For no man; friends then Antichriſt ſhall fall,
Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
With Cardinals, and th' King of *Spain*'s great power;
They'l muſter up, but I can tell you where,
At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there,
Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, *haloo*, *haloo*,
Kill *Amalek*, and *Turk*, kill *Gog* and *Magog* too.
But who dear friends fed *Daniel* thus forſaken,
Truly (but there's one ſleeps, a would do well to waken)
As 'tis in th' Engliſh his name ends in *uck*,
And ſo his name is called *Habacuck*.

Deſcription of Antichriſt.

And hey then up go we.

The Doctrine of Generation.

But in th' original it ends in Ock,
For that dear Sisters calls him Have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear
But that there are many Have-a-Cocks here:
The Laud increase the number of Have-a-Cocks,
Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks;
But as a arding-candle shut up quite
In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light;
Even such are they. Ay but my brethren dear,
I'm no such Lanthorn, for my horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glorious truth
With an Exhortation to old men and youth:
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say,
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.
First of all, 'cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
And by experience find 'tis good to do so:
Fourthly, 'cause 'tis not evil; Nextly and Thirdly,
For that 'tis very good, unless the *Word* lye.
Sixthly, for that y'are mov'd thereto; and Twelfthly,
'Cause there's nought better, unless I my self lye.
But now he smells the Pyes begin to reak,
His teeth water, and he can no longer speak:
Only it will not be amiss to tell ye
How he was troubled with a womans belly;
For she was full of caudle and devotion,
Which in her stomach raised a commotion,
For the hot vapours much did damnifie
Her that was wont to walk in *Finsbury*.
So though a while she was sustain'd with ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her;
And like as marble sweats before a shower,
So did she sweat, and sweating forth did pour
Her mornings draught of Sugar-sops and Saffron,
Into her sighing neighbours Cambrick apron.
At which a Lard she cry'd, full sad to see
The foul mishap, yet suffer'd patiently:
How do you, then she cry'd? I'me glad 'tis up:
Ah sick, sick, sick; cryes one, *Oh for a cup*

Use of Exhortation.

Motives
1.
4.
3.
6.
12.

Hunger a great enemy to Gospel-duty.

A Cropsick sister.

Of my mint water that's at home:
As patt as might be, then the Parſon cry'd,
'Tis good; one holds her head, *let't come, let't come,*
Still crying; juſt i'th' nick the Prieſt reply'd,
Tea like a ſtream ye ought to let it flow,
And then ſhe reach'd, and once more let it go.
Streight an old woman with a brace of chins,
A bunch of keys, and cuſhion for her pins,
Seeing in earneſt the good woman lack it,
Draws a Strong-water bottle from her placket;
Well heated with her fleſh, ſhe takes a ſup,
Then gives the ſick, and bids her drink it up.
But all in vain, her eyes begin to roul,
She ſighs, and all cry out, *alas poor ſoul!*
One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her noſe,
Some bleſt the opportunity that were her foes,
And they reveng'd themſelves upon her face,
S. *Dunſtans* Devil was ne're in ſuch a caſe.
Now Prieſt ſay what thou wilt, for here's a chat
Begun of this great Empyrick, and that
Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done:
I like not *Mayern*, he ſpeaks French ſayes one.
Oh ſayes another, though the man be big,
For my part I know none like Dr. *Trig.*
Nay, hold you there ſayes t'other, on my life
There's none like *Chamberlain* the Man-midwife.
Then in a heap, their own receipts they muſter,
To make this gelly, how to make that plaſter,
Which when ſhe hears that but now fainting lay,
Up ſtarteth ſhe, and talks as faſt as they.
But they that did not mind this dolefull paſſion,
Followed their buſineſs on another faſhion;
For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
Methought the Church lookt like the *Six-Clerks-Office.*
But *Sermon*'s done, and all the folks as faſt
As they can trudge, to Supper now make haſt:
Down comes the Prieſt, when a grave Brother meets him,
And putting off his broad-brim'd hat, thus greets him:

A very great Creature-comfort.

A great cry, and a little wool.

A great sign of grace.

Dear Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th' Creature with us to partake this night:
And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whose faith is in the belly
Of her cram'd Priest, had all her cates in order,
That *Gracious-street*, or *Cheap-side* can afford her.

Bill of fare.

Lo first a Pudding! truly 't had more Reasons
Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.
Then a Sur-loyn came in, as hot as fire,
Yet not so hot as was the Priests desire.
Next came a shoulder of Mutton roasted raw,
To be as utterly abolisht as the Law.
The next in order was a Capon plump,
With an Use of Consolation in his rump.
Then came a Turkey cold, which in its life
Had a fine tail, just like the Citizens wife.
But now by'r leave and worship too, for hark ye,
Here comes the Venson put in Paste by *Starkey*:
Which once set down there, at the little hole
Immediately in whips the Parsons soul.
He saw his Stomachs anchor, and believ'd
That now his belly should not be deceiv'd.
How he leans ore the cheer toward his first mover!
While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.
This Pastie had Brethren too, like to the Mayor,
Three Christmas, or Minc'd-pyes, all very fair:
Methought they had this Motto, *Though they flirt us,*
And preach us down, Sub pondere crescit virtus.
Apple-tarts, Fools, and strong Cheese to keep down
The steaming vapours from the Parsons crown.
Canary too, and Claret eke also,
Which made the tips of their ears and noses glow.
Up now they rise, and walk to their several chairs,
When lo, the Priest uncovers both his ears.

Grace before meat.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou saidst that we should eat, before the Fall;
Then was the world but simple, for they knew
Not either how to bake, or how to brew.

But happily we fell, and then the Vine
Did *Noah* plant, and all the Prieſts drank wine:
Truly we cannot but rejoyce to ſee
Thy gifts diſpenc'd with ſuch equality.
To us th'haſt given wide throats, and teeth to eat;
To the women, knowledge how to dreſs our meat.
Make us devoutly conſtant in thy cup,
And grant us ſtrength when we ſhall ceaſe to ſup,
To bear away thy creatures on our feet,
And not be ſeen to tumble in the ſtreet.
We are thy ſheep, O let us feed, feed on,
Till we become as fat as any Brawn.
Then let's fall to, and eat up all the cheer;
Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for beer.
Now then, like *Scanderbeg*, he falls to work, Much good
And hews the Pudding as he hew'd the Turk: may do
How he plough'd up the Beef like Forreſt-land, you Sir.
And fum'd becauſe the bones his wrath withſtand.
Upon the Mutton he fell like Woolf or Maſtie,
Still hewing out his way unto the Paſtie:
At firſt a Siſter helpt him, but this Elfe ſir,
Wearying her out, ſhe cryes, *Pray help your ſelf ſir.*
Upon the Paſtie though he fell anon,
As if 't had been the walls of *Babylon.*
Like a Cathedral down he throws that ſtuff,
Why, Siſters, ſaith he, *I am pepper proof.*
Then down he pours the Claret, and down again,
And *would the French King were a Puritan*,
He cryes: ſwills up the Sack, and I'le be ſworn,
Quoth he, *Spains King is not the Popes tenth horn.* Chriſtian
By this his tearing hunger doth abate, forgiveneſs
And on the ſecond courſe they 'gan to prate.
Then quoth *Priſcilla*, Oh my brother dear, No Grace
Truly y'are welcome to this homely chear, after meat.
And therefore eat, good brother, eat your fill,
Alas for *Daniel* my heart aketh ſtill.
Then quoth the Prieſt, *Siſter be of good heart*;
But ſhe reply'd, *good Brother eat ſome Tart.*

Rebecca

Rebecca then a member of the 'lection,
Began to talk of Brotherly affection;
For this, ſaid ſhe, as I have heard the wiſe
Diſcourſe, conſiſteth much in exerciſe;
Yet I was fooliſh once, and did reſiſt,
And but that a dear Brother would not deſiſt,
Carried forth by a ſtrong *believing power*
That I would yield at length, even to this hour
I had liv'd in darkneſs ſtill, and had not known
What joys the *Laud* revealeth to his *own*.
Then ſaid the Prieſt, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things, and for ſmall things:
There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation;
Therefore dear Siſter, we may take our time,
There's reaſon for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
Do not the wicked Heathen ſpeak and ſay,
Gather your Flowers and Roſe-buds while you may?
Ay truly, anſwer'd ſhe, 'tis ſuch a motion
As alwayes I embrac'd with warm devotion:
I mean ſince it did pleaſe the Laud in mercy,
To ſhew me things by feeling, not by hear-ſay;
Nothing beyond ingratitude. And truly Brother, there's no man can prove
That I was ere ingratefull for his love;
But ſometimes Angels did attend his Purſe,
At other times I did him duly nurſe
With many a ſecret diſh of luſty meat,
Which did enable us to do the feat.
Truly quoth *Dorcas* then, I ſaw a Viſion,
That we ſhould have our foes in great deriſion.
Quoth *Martha* ſtraight, (and then ſhe ſhook the crums
From off her apron white, and pickt her gums)
So did I too; methought I went a Maying,
And the Word of the *Laud* came to me, ſaying,
Martha put off thy cloaths, for time is come,
That men may *bauble* ſhew, and women *bum*,
For that the ſeed of them that do *profeſs*,
Shall only need be cloath'd with Righteouſneſs.

'Tis true dear Sister, there are some that now
Are come to this perfection, and I trow
We may in time grow up to be as they,
Grant us, *ah Laud*, that we may see that day;
Let's ith' mean time at home and eke abroad,
Uncloath and unbrace our selves before the Laud,
On all occasions that time shall yield,
That our dear Sisters dream may be fulfill'd.
Why did not *Jacob* dream, and so it was;
And *Pharoah* dreamt, and so it came to pass.
Then *Dorcas* cry'd, reach me the Cheese up hither;
Sister, quoth she, give this unto our Brother,
'Tis very good, if well wash'd down with Sack,
His wasted spirits much refreshing lack.
Recruited thus, All this good chear, quoth he,
Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength,
Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
Like worldly people clad in fine array;
Yet on the Spit it looks most piteous,
And we devour it, as the Worms eat us.
Then full of sawce and zeal up steps *Elnathan*,
[This was his name now, once he had another,
Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
A Deacon and a Buffeter of Sathan:
Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear,
Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here;
Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
Of a small two pence, or a groat, or so,
The sorry remnants of a broken shilling;
Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling.
As for my self, 'tis more than I do need,
To be charitable both in word and deed;
For as to us, the holy Scriptures say,
The Deacons must receive, the Lay-men pay.
Why Heathen folks that do in Taverns stray,
Will never let their friends the reckning pay;

A man may love his Brother,

but

And

And therefore pour your charity into the baſon,
Brethren and Siſters eke, your coats have lace on.
Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For ſixpence? we'll next morn enhance our ware:
Your ſixpence comes again, nay there comes more;
Thus Charity's th' encreaſer of your ſtore.
Truly well ſpoke, then cry'd the Maſter-feaſter,
Since you ſay ſo, I freely give my teſter:
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were ſure to whom they gave, and why.
Not better than himſelf. Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might conceal.
But now the Parſon could no longer ſtay,
'Tis time to kiſs, he cryes, and ſo away:
At which the Siſters, once th' alarum taken,
Made ſuch a din as would have ſerv'd to waken
A ſnoring Brother, when he ſleeps at Church;
With bagg and baggage then they 'gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
One Siſter to the other bids Good night.
Good night, quoth *Dorcas* to *Priſcilla*; ſhe,
Good night dear Siſter *Dorcas* unto thee.
In theſe goodly good nights much time was ſpent,
And was it not a holy complement?
Chriſtian Liberty. At length in ſteps the Parſon, on his breaſt
Laying his hand, A happy night of reſt
Refreſh thy labours, Siſter; yet ere we part,
Feel in my lips the paſſion of my heart.
To another ſtraight he turn'd his face, and kiſt her,
And then he cryes, *All peace be with thee Siſter.*
Next her that made the Feaſt he kiſſes harder,
Ne're a prophane kiſs among all theſe. And in a Godly tone, cryes, *God reward her*:
And having done, he whiſpers in her ear,
The time when it ſhould be, and the place where.
Thus they all part, and for that night the Prieſt
Enjoys his own Wife, as good as ever piſt.
This ſeem'd a golden time, the fall of ſin,
You'd think the thouſand years did now begin,

When

When Satan chain'd below ſhould ceaſe to roar,
Nor durſt the wicked as they wont before
Come to the Church for paſtime, nor durſt laugh
To hear the non-pluſt Doctor faign a cough.
The Devil himſelf, alas! now durſt not ſtand
Within the ſwitching of the Sextons wand,
For ſo a while the Prieſts did him purſue,
That he was fain to keep the Sabboth too,
Leſt being taken in the Elders lure,
He ſhould have paid his crown unto the poor;
And leſt he ſhould like a deceiver come
'Twixt the two Sundays *inter ſtitium*,
They ſtuft up Lecturers with texts and ſtraw,
On working-days to keep the Devil in awe.
But ſtrange to think, for all this ſolemn meekneſs,
At length the Devil appeared in his likeneſs,
While theſe deceits did but ſupply the wants
Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.
Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Play with that fear, with that religious awe
Which keeps men free, and yet is mans great law:
What can they but the worſt of Atheiſts be,
Who while they word it 'gainſt impiety,
Affront the throne of God with their falſe deeds,
Alas, this wonder in the Atheiſt breeds.
Are theſe the men that would the Age reform,
That Down with Superſtition cry, and ſwarm
This painted Glaſs, that Sculpture to deface,
But worſhip pride, and avarice in their place.
Religion they bawl out; yet know not what
Religion is, unleſs it be to *prate*.
Meekneſs they preach, but ſtudy to controul;
Money they'd have, when they cry out *your ſoul*.
And angry, will not have Our Father ſaid,
'Cauſe it prays not enough for daily bread.
They meet in private, and cry *Perſecution*,
When Faction is their end, and State-confuſion:

Theſe are the men that plague and over-run
Like *Goths* and *Vandalls* all Religion.
Every *Mechanick* either wanting ſtock,
Or wit to keep his trade muſt have a flock,
The Spirit, cryes he, *moveth me unto it*,
And what the Spirit bids, muſt I not do it?
But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
And ſtept into authority by preaching
For a lay Office, leaves the Spirits motion
And ſtreight retreateth from his firſt devotion.
But this he does in want, give him preferment,
Off goes his gown, God's call is no determent.
Vain fooliſh people, how are ye deceiv'd?
How many ſeveral ſorts have ye receiv'd
Of things call'd truths, upon your backs laid on
Like Saddles for themſelves to ride upon?
They rid amain, and hell and *Satan* drove,
While every Prieſt for his own profit ſtrove.
Can they the age thus torture with their lyes,
Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties,
Black as their coats, and ſuch a ſilent fear
Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear?
Had that ſame holy Iſraelite been dumb,
That fatal day of old had never come
To *Baals* Tribe; oh thrice unhappy age!
While zeal and piety lye mask'd in rage
And vulgar ignorance! How we do wonder
Once hearing, that the heavens were forc'd to thunder
Againſt aſſailing Gyants, ſurely men,
Men thought could not preſume ſuch violence then:
But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
Behold a ſort of bolder mortals here,
Thoſe undermining ſhifts of knaviſh folly,
Uſing alike to God and men; moſt holy
Infidels, who now ſeem to have found out
A ſubtler way to bring their ends about
Againſt the Deity, than op'nly to fight;
By ſmooth inſinuation and by ſlight:

They cloſe with God, ſeem to obey his Laws',
They cry aloud for him and for his cauſe.
But while they do their ſtrict injunctions preach.
Deny in actions what their words do teach.
O what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
Would they would only teach themſelves, not us:
So while they ſtill on empty outſides dwell,
They may perhaps be choakt with huſk and ſhell;
While thoſe who can their follies well refute,
By a true knowledge do obtain the fruit.

FINIS.

FINIS.